

there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know his hand is in it. If he has a place for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready. I have told them a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so. Douglass don't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares, humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated, and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright." Then after a brief pause he held up a New Testament in his hand and said: "The future would be something awful but for this rock on which I stand." When Abraham Lincoln uttered those words, he was not expressing a sentimental fancy. He had a profound respect for God, and never acted except he was confident of being on God's side.

These were the men who directed this nation to the pinnacle of its greatness. And they ever acted firmly, relying upon that God who declared, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." But my Christian friends these men are no more. And our country's fate is in the hands of other men. And if our rulers today think for a moment that God has no hand in our national affairs, and that they can successfully govern this nation without stopping to consult divine law, they are woefully, *woefully*, mistaken, and you and I must suffer the consequences. The God of the past is the God of today. The God who ruled over Israel is the God who ruled over America. He who was the "God of nations" is still the "God of nations." And he has said, "them that honor me I will honor."

How many senators and representatives have we today in our Congress, think you, that stop to ask as they pass their ballots whether they voted God's way? "By their works ye shall know them." Only a short time ago they managed to pass a bill rolling into the pockets of the "whiskey trusts," two millions of dollars. I want to say to you my friends, that the times in this country will never get better, the riots and disturbances will never be quelled,

until we get men at the head of this nation who are aware of the fact that God demands the destruction of this infamous traffic, which is costing the country more than enough to feed every striker in the United States for one year, at a table of luxury. Are you aware that over one billion, two-hundred million gallons of intoxicating liquors were made and consumed in the United States last year,—in this nation which we love to call a Christian nation? Let us form a union, and let everyone who would see better times join that union, and then let us *strike at the root of the evil* in our country. Let us take sides on this question and settle it. Let us boycott the saloons and see what effect that will have upon the times. This battle between God and the devil, between the legions of heaven and the legions of hell, is going to be a longer and fiercer battle than any ever will be between capital and labor.

Of all the prisoners languishing in our jails, June 1, 1890, seven thousand three-hundred and eighty-six, were murderers. Of these about one out of five were total abstainers. And most of them came from the ranks of such men as are today striking for bread. I'll tell you, my friends, unless a halt is called, we, as far as being freemen is concerned, may as well prepare to meet our Waterloo. A drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. The saloon then, I claim, is one of the foremost causes of the strife that is.

Another cause of the nation's troubles is the presence of vice and ignorance at the polls. You have spent a small fortune for the education which makes you an intelligent and honored citizen. At your side on election day is a man who cannot write his name; who never heard of the Constitution of the U. S., and who could not tell to save himself the difference between George Washington, "the father of his country," and Benedict Arnold, the "traitor of his country." Yet his voice is just as mighty in directing the destiny of this great American people as yours. I say to you, that one great need of this republic is wiser educational provisions, or stricter immigration laws. The foreign element in our country, those whose votes are of no value

to them except for the cash they will bring, are among the first to take a hand in such conflicts as we have today. We should have no use for a man at the ballot box whose vote can be bought for money. The man who will sell his vote to the saloon or money power and then make war upon society, deserves to go hungry. No doubt there are many honest men in the great strike today, struggling for what they believe to be just. Must their cause suffer and fall away until this element is quieted?

Political bribery then is one of the great causes of the strike and not until the ballot box closes its lid to the ignorant and vicious will peace and prosperity again be ours. Political bribery! It has been the curse of America. Republican, Democratic, and People's Party, full to the brim and overflowing.

Pardon me for telling this story if you think it wrong, but it is the only lid that I can find to fit the bucket. An old judge was hunting one day, when he saw a squirrel run up a tree and he shot it. He had not gone very far before he came upon three boys sitting on an old log, engaged in a warm political discussion. The first was a Republican, the second, a Democrat, and the third, a Populist. After listening to them wrangle for a time, the old judge said: "Now boys, the one of you who can give me the best reason for being what he is, can have this squirrel." Then the Republican began. Of course he told all he knew of the past history of his party, its connection with the war, and the great men that had been in its ranks, and so forth. Then the Populist gave his reasons. He pictured out the evils of the other parties, and dwelt long upon the fact that they had been running this government for the last twenty years and that it was getting worse and worse, and so on. Then turning around to the Democrat, who had been sitting, looking rather sullen, off to one side, "And now, young man, what are you?" "I'm anything to git that squirrel." And he got the squirrel. Now this is just a story, but it shelters a great truth.

(Concluded next week.)

The main reason why the masses remain indifferent is because so few of the preachers are thoroughly in earnest.